

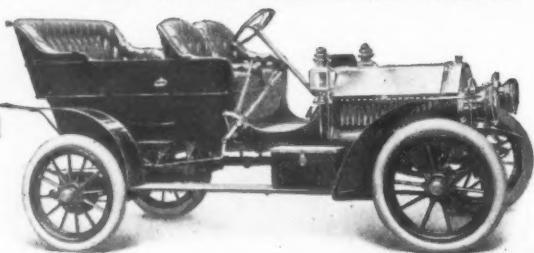


MAKING HER FORTUNE

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

PERFORMANCE AND PRICE

Model
G



\$2000

CADILLAC

It remained for the Cadillac Model G to convince discriminating motorists that a powerful, dependable, "thoroughbred" four-cylinder automobile, of high-grade construction and finish, could be built and sold at a price considerably less than the average touring car.

Model G represents more than mere money saving; in every detail it typifies really superior mechanical achievement, embodying features and improvements found only in the most expensive models. Its motor, designed on time-tried Cadillac principles, is finished under a system of inspection that insures accuracy in vital parts to a thousandth of an inch. This same rigidity of requirement characterizes every stage of Model G's construction, resulting in a car highly efficient in operation, and destined to prove surprisingly economical in maintenance.

Twenty horse power; direct shaft drive; wheel base, 100 inches; new type muffler; transmission, selective type sliding gear.

Model G—20 h. p. Four-Cylinder Touring Car; \$2,000. (Described in Catalog GR)
Model H—30 h. p. Four-Cylinder Touring Car; \$2,500. (Described in Catalog HR)
Model M—10 h. p. Four passenger car; \$950. (Described in Catalog MR)
Model K—10 h. p. Runabout; \$800. (Described in Catalog MR)

All prices F. O. B. Detroit; Lamps not included.

Send for special Catalog of car in which you are interested, as above designated.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich. Member A.L.A.M.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET NO. 11 IT EXPLAINS SAVES YOUR MONEY

Every owner of an automobile or power boat ought to have this book. The information it contains will save him hundreds of dollars in waste engine energy, in deterioration of engine and accessories and hours of annoyance due to poor ignition; it will show how to increase the speed of your engine and lengthen the life of your entire equipment.

It treats on ignition of gas engines for automobile and marine work. It tells why poor ignition costs money, and how good ignition saves it. It tells of ignition troubles, their sources and remedies. It also tells why your engine should be equipped with a

Witherbee Battery

Book No. 11 is free. Address

THE WITHERBEE IGNITER CO.

541 WEST 42d STREET
NEW YORK CITY



or BRANCHES:

Baltimore, 510 Continental Block
Chicago, 1426 Michigan Avenue
Detroit, 260 Jefferson Avenue

Copyright 1906 by Life Pub. Co.



STARVING IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY
After W. B. King
Photogravure in Sepia, 15 by 20 in.
\$1.00

Copyright 1906 by Life Pub. Co.



FRIENDS IN AFFLICTION
After Nesbitt Benson
Photogravure in Black, 15 by 20 in.
50 cents

Life's Prints

A complete catalogue with reduced prints of 137 subjects will be sent to any address upon application

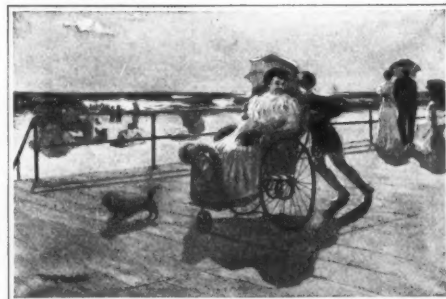
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West 31st Street
New York

Copyright 1906 by Life Pub. Co.



FOREWARNED
After Bayard Jones
Photogravure in Black, 15 by 20 in.
\$1.00

Copyright 1906 by Life Pub. Co.



LOVE LIGHTENS THE LOAD
After W. B. King
Photogravure in Blue, 15 by 20 in.
50 cents



CLEOPATRA

WHEN MARCUS ATTEMPTED TO CAESAR,
BY HER SMILE SHE SHOWED IT WOULD PLAESAR;
WHEN HE SWORE BY HIS HONOR
HE DOTED UPON HER,
SHE COVILY ALLOWED HIM TO SQUAESAR.

SPRING MEETING OF THE METROPOLITAN JOCKEY CLUB

AT
JAMAICA, LONG ISLAND
ELEVEN DAYS

FROM
Friday, April 26th
TO
Wednesday, May 8th

SIX RACES EACH DAY. First Race at 2.30 P. M. Each Day

Track can be reached via Long Island Railroad, foot of East 34th Street;
and from Flatbush Avenue Station, Brooklyn.

For Time Tables, see Daily Papers.

OF INTEREST TO ARTISTS

THIRTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for ILLUSTRATIONS

ARTISTS ARE INVITED TO SUBMIT PICTURES ILLUSTRATING ONE OR MORE OF THE FOLLOWING QUOTATIONS:

- \$250** will be paid for the best illustration of
1. Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!—*Burns.*
- \$250** will be paid for the best illustration of
2. When lovely woman stoops to folly.—*Goldsmith.*
- \$250** will be paid for the best illustration of
3. God helps them that help themselves.—*Benjamin Franklin.*
- \$250** will be paid for the best illustration of
4. Knowledge is power.—*Lord Bacon.*
- \$250** will be paid for the best illustration of
5. In the adversity of our best friends we often find something which does not displease us.—*de Rochefoucauld.*
- \$250** will be paid for the best illustration of
6. Those who dance must pay the piper.—*Old Proverb.*
- \$250** will be paid for the best illustration of
7. For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.—*Aaron Hill.*
- \$250** will be paid for the best illustration of
8. None but the brave deserves the fair.—*Dryden.*
- \$250** will be paid for the best illustration of
9. But ne'er the rose without the thorn.—*Herrick.*
- \$250** will be paid for the best illustration of
10. But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.—*Moore.*
- \$250** will be paid for the best illustration of
11. Hope springs eternal in the human breast.—*Pope.*
- \$250** will be paid for the best illustration of
12. In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.—*Tennyson.*

Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars

will be paid for the best illustration of each quotation, the awards to be made by the Editors of LIFE.

Five Hundred Dollars Additional

will be paid for the best of these twelve drawings. The method of awarding this prize will be announced later.

If one or more of the quotations should fail to inspire illustrations suitable for use in LIFE, there will in that particular case, or cases, be no award.

Illustrations and all correspondence concerning this contest must be addressed to

THE QUOTATION EDITOR OF LIFE
17 W. THIRTY-FIRST STREET
NEW YORK CITY

and must be received not later than July first, 1907. The awards will be made immediately after that date.

The illustrations may be made in any medium—line, wash, oils or color—although it should be borne in mind that they are to be reproduced in black-and-white; and they should also be of a size suitable for reduction to about thirteen inches wide by eight inches high.

Any artist may illustrate as many of the quotations as he pleases and may send more than one illustration of any quotation.

The accepted and paid for illustrations, together with all rights of publication, become absolutely the property of LIFE.

Each illustration should bear the name and address of the artist and also the quotation it is intended to illustrate.

Artists should arrange for the return of unsuccessful illustrations, in case their return is desired.

Contestants need not be subscribers to LIFE. There is no entrance fee or other charge.

J. & F. MARTELL

Cognac

(Founded 1715)



AND

FINE OLD
LIQUEUR
BRANDIES

GENUINE OLD
BRANDIES MADE
FROM WINE

Sole Agents
G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.
New York



Tastes differ as to cheese, but there are no two opinions regarding

Brownsville Water Crackers

the cracker that has "Brownsville" on it

They are the ideal crackers with any cheese; just the crispness, the freshness and the flavor that you like.

Sold By

S. S. PIERCE CO., Boston;
PARK & TILFORD, New York;
THE JOSEPH R. PEEBLES'
SONS CO., Cincinnati; JOHN
A. RENSHAW CO., Pittsburg,
Pa.; MITCHELL, FLETCHER
& CO., Philadelphia; C. JEVNE
& CO., Chicago; GOLDBERG,
BOWEN & CO., San Francisco;
MICHIE & CO., Ltd., Toronto, Can.

If you cannot buy these crackers of any grocer that you can reach easily, we will send ten pounds for \$1.50 or two pounds for 50c., express paid.

Chatland & Lenhart
Brownsville, Pa.

By Special Warrant Purveyors to
Pennsylvania R. R. Dining Car Service; The Waldorf-Astoria

"It's Nice to Know How Far You Go"

Veeder Odometers

For many years the standard recorders of distance traveled, are made in the following convenient forms:

For Automobiles, from \$10 to \$25, with all fittings complete to attach to any make of car. Give size of wheel and model of car when ordering.

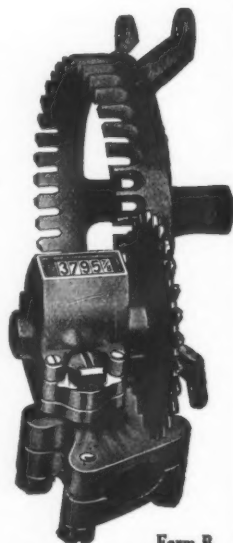
For Horse-drawn Vehicles, from \$3.50 to \$9.00, with fittings complete for all vehicles and all wheel sizes. State size of wheel used.

For Bicycles and Motor Cycles, Veeder Cyclometers from \$1.00 to \$2.50, ready to put on. Give wheel size.

THE VEEDER TACHODOMETER

\$75, for automobiles, registers distance, both "trip" and total, and shows speed at all times. Scientifically and permanently accurate. Only one moving part. No springs. Descriptive matter free, from

THE VEEDER MFG. CO.,
7 Sargeant Street, Hartford, Conn.



Form B
Odometer, for Automobiles

"Old Bleach" Linens

From the growth of the flax seed in a kindly soil under the right atmospheric conditions to the delivery of the finished linens the "Old Bleach" process is as perfect as experience and skill can make it. The flax is carefully and properly ripened and is tended by people who have been flax growers and linen makers for generations. It is spun and woven by those with expert skill in their craft and is bleached by fresh air, sunshine and showers acting on the woven fabric spread on green turf.

The soft, snowy richness and silky lustre of the finished cloth and the almost endless wearing qualities resulting from this painstaking process have long made the "Old Bleach" Linens famous.

TRADE MARK "Old Bleach" ON ALL GOODS

The name guarantees the quality
All first-class dealers sell them

Our booklet on the care of Linens and how to wash and preserve them sent on request

GEO. RIGGS & CO., 70 & 72 Franklin Street, New York
Wholesale Distributors to the Trade

LIFE



THE TEDDYSSEY. BOOK I—INFANCY

WITH PALLAS COLUMBIA AND ZE U.S. AS HIS PROTECTORS, THE FATES HOLD OUT BRILLIANT PROSPECTS TO LITTLE TEDDY TEDDYSES

"Steady" Roosevelt

DEAR THEODORE: From Shore to Shore,
The Gulf to the St. Lawrence,
From Rio Grande's chaparral
To far Vancouver's torrents,
We love you true!
Indeed, we do!
But wish you were less heady.
And add: If you'd prefix an "S"
To your Rough-Riding "Teddy,"
Our current friction would be less—
Be wise—and spell it S-Teddy!

The Odor of Unsanctity

"WHAT kind of society do they move in?"
"Gasoline."

Their Favorite Authors

THE optimist—Hope.
The lunatic—Wilde.
The Hottentot—Savage.
The athlete—Hale.
The anemic—Haggard.
The humorist—Whittier.
The rail magnate—Steele.
The man-about-town—Swift.
The baseball player—Fielding.
The jeweler—Goldsmith.
The doubtful man—Mabie.
The butcher—Lamb.
The Englishman—London.
The lawyer—Barr.
The President—Addison.

The Exception

MR. BROWN: Remember distinctly that never in this world do you get something for nothing.

MRS. BROWN: What about chicane in a bridge game?

THE short-sighted man gets no better view by climbing a hill.



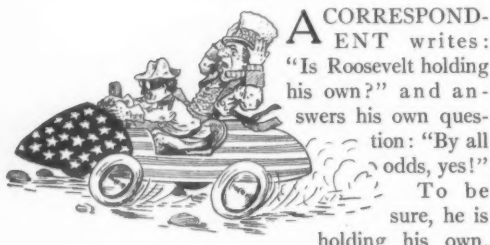
"MOTHER'S GOING FISHING."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLIX. APRIL 25, 1907. No. 1278.

17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Is Roosevelt holding his own?" and answers his own question: "By all odds, yes!" To be sure, he is holding his own.

His popularity with the mass of the voters swells with every whoop. Whatever he says goes, and nothing else gets much consideration. Nobody questions that he is wonderfully—perilously—popular, and few observing persons are at all expectant that his popularity will wane much, or his influence be much diminished, within the next two years. The most that the so-called "reactionaries," who are advertised as his "enemies," hope to do is to raise up some sort of a sane opposition, which will be strong enough to get a hearing for those interests, including the Constitution, with the prosperity of which the "Roosevelt policies" threaten in certain details to conflict.

There is a great deal of rubbish written and printed about the President's "enemies." The chatter about them and their plots, conspiracies and machinations is very childish. The President has some critics and some political opponents, but extraordinarily few people bear him personal ill-will. As to the story that he was tired when he replied to the Harriman letter, which we see characterized as part of a well prepared plan of the enemies to injure the President's prestige, that story shaped itself automatically in the minds of most persons who read the correspondence. "This is the kind of indiscretion I fall into when I am over-worked" was the reader's reflection; and he charged it off to the nerves of a hard worker whose vacation was overdue.

The only possible enemy the President has who has power to do him an important damage is a very popular gentle-

man who wears eyeglasses, has "T. R." in his hat and says or writes, once in a while, something that had better been left unsaid.



IT IS very much to be desired that Mr. Roosevelt, his moods, his manners, his opinions, his enemies, his policies and his intentions should not continue to engross so overwhelmingly preponderant a share of public discussion. Really, we ought to talk and think of something else, for there are some exceedingly important matters to discuss, and it does not make for thorough debate or wise decisions to have the President's personality injected into every question.

As to the "policies," the important thing is whether they are wise or not, and what modifications, if any, they will need; not whether or no Mr. Roosevelt can win out with them and name his successor. To the policies in general there is no opposition worth mentioning, but there is a certain amount of irritation at the disposition to insist that anything marked "Roosevelt" shall be accepted without question or discussion by all who would be rated as faithful.

The interest of our people in their government is, just now, altogether too much like the interest of a small boy in a dime novel. The boy's whole mind is absorbed in the question whether Teddy the Trapper will save his Scalp from the Cruel Redskins. Whether school keeps or not or chores are done seems to him of comparatively little consequence, and the very supper bell hardly starts him, so much more urgent than mere hunger is his interest in Teddy's fate.



IN OHIO, it is rumored, the voters are to be asked to signify at the primaries whether they prefer Senator Foraker or Secretary Taft for the place of Favored Son. Senator Foraker is willing to discuss the matter with his fellow-citizens. He made a speech to some of them at Canton on April 10, in which he said that he had been named as a leading opponent of

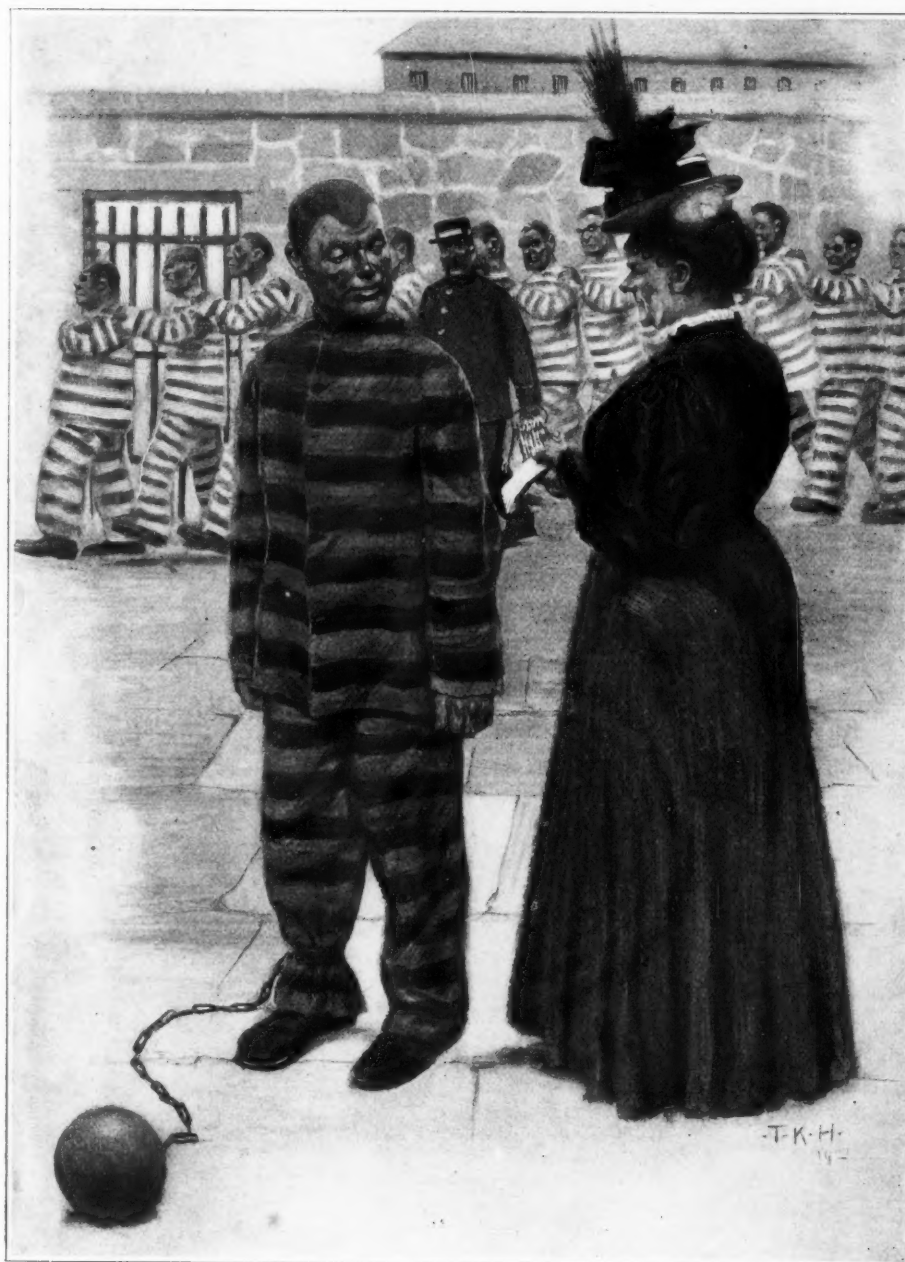
President Roosevelt, but that really of the many Roosevelt measures that had come before the Senate he had supported all but three. He opposed compulsory joint Statehood for New Mexico and Arizona; he opposed the Hepburn Railroad Rates law, because he thought the Elkins law would serve the purpose better, and he insisted on having a commission to investigate the shooting-up of Brownsville. But Mr. Foraker submitted that he believed that our government should be carried on by all its constituted branches, including the Senate, and not by any one of them alone; and as a Senator, accountable to his constituents, he did not propose to submit to the dictation or threats or menaces of any kind of boss, big or little, inside of the State or outside of it. We are not besotted with admiration for Senator Foraker, but he is an able man and we like his spunk. If any one wants to run him for President, let him try it.



AND why would not ex-Senator Spooner make a pretty candidate for President! He also made a speech (in New York) on April 10—a very wise, sober, thoughtful speech. He was proud of what had been accomplished in the last five years on lines of important reform. He was hopeful of the future, but he pointed out that it takes time and patience to reorganize the business of eighty millions of people. He went on to say:

There is no evil injurious to the people within the Federal or State jurisdiction which it is not my earnest wish to see corrected. But I refuse to be stampeded into a departure from vital fundamental principles of government embodied in the Constitution of our country. This, in my judgment, is one of the dangers which to-day confront this people. For its utterance, if noticed at all, I expect to be called a reactionary.

President Roosevelt has been quoted as saying to some admirer who was telling him how indispensable he was that there are scores of men in the Republican party who are fit to be President. Scores? Maybe. At any rate there are enough—Taft, Root, Hughes—whom you will. And certainly in that group belongs Mr. Spooner. If he is a reactionary, it is a reactionary that is needed, not to stop reform, but to save it.



Visitor (to prisoner): POOR MAN! WHAT BROUGHT YOU TO THIS?

Convict: POVERTY, MUM. I DIDN'T HEV MONEY ENOUGH TER HIRE A CORPORATION LAWYER TER TELL ME HOW TER STEAL LEGALLY!

HORSE-DEALER: A hundred horse-power, I suppose?

AUTOMOBILIST: Oh, no. Four. It's only a small auto.

"I wasn't going by the size, but by the smell." "WILLIE, I hope you didn't listen to me kissing your sister in the parlor last night."

"Dear me, no. I got tired of that sort of thing long ago."

Busting the Trusts

ANY statesman can bust up a trust, If the people insist that he must.

But the worst of it is In this trust-busting biz That the blamed things will never stay bust.

PERHAPS it was not money that President Roosevelt in 1904 urged Mr. Harriman to get for the New York State Committee. Maybe it was moral support.

OUR President is just a grain too paroxysmal, especially in the spring of the year.

"IS HOWARD stingy?" "Is he stingy! Why, that man won't even buy a calendar for fear he may not live the year out to use it up."



A COLD BOTTLE AND A SMALL BIRD. RESULT—A COLD BIRD AND A SMALL BOTTLE.



Suffragists and Antis



THE woman-suffragists are funny people.

So are the anti-suffragists.

One of the funniest of the suffragists is Lady Cook, once, as Tennessee Claflin, a citizen of the United States, but for many years a resident of London. Not long ago, when Lady Cook was starting for Washington to see the

President about the suffrage for women, the newspapers quoted her as saying that she would ask Mr. Roosevelt to do for the American women what Lincoln did for the negroes in 1863. "We want woman-suffrage," she said, as reported. "President Roosevelt can give it to us with a stroke of the pen." Perhaps she was misquoted, but, if not, is it not a hilarious thought that a woman who has been a suffrage-seeker for forty years should have penetrated so short a distance into our political mechanism as to suppose that the President can give any woman the right to vote!

AND some of the "antis" are funny, too. When there was a bill under consideration at Albany recently (a pretty good bill, apparently) to let tax-paying women vote at special elections in cities of the third class, one of the "antis" argued against it before a legislative committee that in New York City alone woman-suffrage would put the ballot into the hands of 60,000 disreputable women. Poor souls; they are the last women to be feared as voters, and, of

course, it is not a safe argument against letting women vote that too many of them are disreputable.

As a rule, and with exceptions on both sides, when we see the arguments of the "antis" against suffrage we want women to vote, and when we hear the suffragists we take it back and want to leave things as they are. If most of the women who don't want the suffrage, wanted it; and most of the women who want it, opposed it, we should have it next year.

Harriman is not without honor, save in his own country.

Jupiter Pluvius

JUPITER PLUVIUS MORGAN, erroneously called John Pierpont, was born under the Sign of Aquarius; he has money, but it is too moist to burn; he always has had money, and when he hears a dollar jingling in another man's pocket, he does not get palpitation of the heart and reach for a jimmy. He is a banker who runs an aquarium on the side for the storage of stocks and suckers. He is the Dr. Sangrado of American finance; by judicious bleeding and copious watering he can make bonanzas of bankrupts, make the lien fat, and put life into the deadest proposition ever sandbagged in Wall Street. Submergence is his solution of the survival of the fishes that come into his net. Harriman may drive the butcher wagon in Wall Street, Rogers the bier wagon, but John P. sits on the seat of the water wagon.

He is not descended from Henry Morgan, of Panama; the mantle of that financier has fallen on the Kidd glove dealers in oil, copper and Union Pacific; he is a floater; they are wreckers. He can float anything except ships; iron, steel, an-

thraxite and lead are as buoyant as cork when he markets them. He looks at the Panama Canal as a wicked extravagance. Could he have got the Panama Railroad and Morganized, commoned, preferred, bonded and soaked it digging would have been superfluous and the argosies of earth be now floating on it.

John P. has a nice taste in junk and other amiable weaknesses. He collects laces, altar-cloths, old masters, derelict

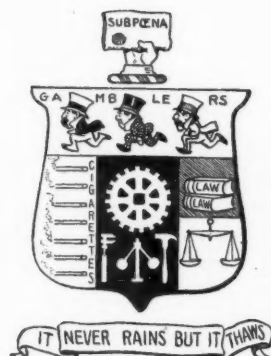


J. P. M.

industries, first editions of railroads and books, bric-a-brac and publishing houses; he abhors Standard Oil paintings, and raises colliers for Wall Street shepherds. He builds cathedrals, syndicates the potter's field, passes the hat in churches, drinks Poe Roger, keeps mum, avoids interviews, organizes anything, capitalizes every old thing and takes stock in George Washington Perkins.

Who's What

In and Out of America



Jerome, W. T. This gentleman was born in the rural districts of Connecticut. He is now doing his best to lead an honest life. He has the reputation for being the most inquisitive person in the country, and to some experts he is a standing menace. As an actor he has been a great success, though mostly in vaudeville. He is very fond of battle, murder and sudden death, but usually goes gunning for multimillionaires with blank cartridges. Though not an objectionable person in any sense, he is yet making objections so constantly as to have acquired a reputation. His favorite occupation is trying to look unpleasant and succeeding at it. Favorite flowers, the creeper and the smartweed. Author of "The Big Fish and How They Escape." Motto: "It never rains but it thaws." Address, care Consolidated Gas Company.

Then, and Now

1904

DEAR MR. H: I hope that you Will come to see me soon. Eschew The thought that I would tap your mite; We'll just talk statesmanship all night; We're practical, but I loathe pelf And love you, Edward, for yourself.

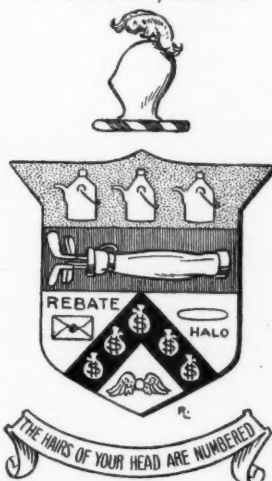
1906

Dear Mr. S: I never said We wished the cash that slipp'ry Ed Put up; 'tis true we talked one night, To his improvement, my delight, Of statesmanship; but little I Suspected how the man would lie.

Fortunate

COBBLE: I had great luck in Wall Street.

STONE: What did you do?
"Came out even."

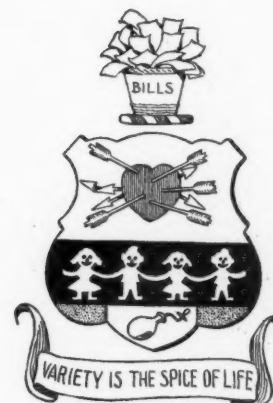


Rockefeller, J. D. A well-known rebate manufacturer and principal owner of the United States of America. Also chief patron of the University of Chicago, the Baptist Church and the Canting House attached to the Standard Oil. This young man began life in Cleveland as a poor bookkeeper, in the fear of the Lord and the companionship of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He became exceedingly social in his work, gradually making the acquaintance of all the widows and orphans in the midde West, and is now known as the Oily Gammon of the world at large. He lives a simple, hairless life of shame, and in spite of a son who is superintendent of a fast Bible class, he still looks the world bravely in the face. His principal occupation is mowing and reaping coupons, playing golf and keeping a scrap-book of colored indictments. Author of "The Malefactor," "Foxy Grandpa," "Pipe Dreams," "The Descent Into Hell," etc. Motto: "I care not who makes the laws of the country so long as I can control the lawyers." Address, The Needle's Eye Gate, New Jerusalem.

Collegians

THEO LOGGE: When you make lying excuses for not attending chapel you can't fool the Ruler of the Universe, my boy.

YALETON PRINCEVARD: I don't try to. It's the ruler of the university I try to hoodwink.



Smoot, Reed. A prominent wife merger and senatorial scapegoat, who leads a quintuple life in Salt Lake City and is a grass widower on the syndicate plan in Washington. This young man began in life as the manager of a Cupid Incubator stock farm, and went into politics to get peace and quietness. His principal mission has been to merge the prophet Brigham Young with the Constitution of the United States. He is the author of "Homes, Sweet Homes," "How to Listen to Curtain Lectures," "There's a Light in the Window(s) for Me," "The Babies on Our Block," etc. Principal recreation, squaring himself. Favorite flower, the bachelor's-button. Toast: "Here's to our wives and sweethearts; may they never meet." Address, The Rest Cure Club, Utah.

An Old Song Revised

THE Muse and Poet had a fight.
They fit all day and they fit all night,
And next ten years these fyttes were seen

In { Harper's
Scribner's
The Century
Everybody's
McClure's
Ainslee's
Pearson's
Appleton's } monthly magazine.

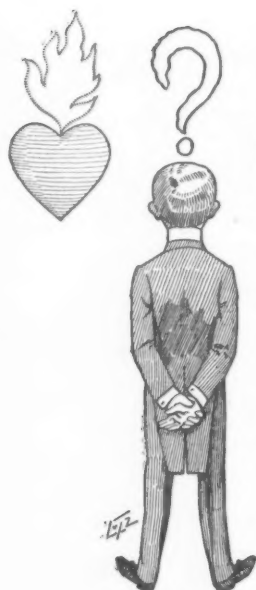
Not to mention Collier's and the Literary Digest.
Carlyle Smith.

One Way Out of It

LOOK here, young man, I don't care to have you seeing my daughter evenings any more."

"Very good, sir. I'll just speak to her and have her turn the light entirely off before I go into the parlor after this."

Blue Monday*

A Wall Street Story Up to Date

IT WAS one-thirty on the Stock Exchange. Also about that in the Senate Chamber at Washington and other well-known financial headquarters.

Billy Hardcastle, the young Alexander Napoleon Theodore Roosevelt of finance rolled into one, stood in his broker's office, nervously clutching the ticker.

Louisiana Molasses Preferred was slowly going down.

There was a large blackboard on the wall in front of Billy, upon which a young college graduate was using what education he had left over by decorating it with figures, but Billy used the tape, because he could learn what was happening at least ten seconds sooner.

That is about as far along in life as some college graduates get. They begin on a blackboard in a little red schoolhouse. By the time they are twenty-five they have increased the size of the board to take in

the side of a room.

They have one advantage, however, over plain literary gents. The story they tell never flags in interest.

Billy Hardcastle's father was one of the biggest men in the Street, having been a personal friend of the Administration for several years. He had made almost money enough to retire into the Senate. Two weeks before he had given Billy his last chance, by presenting him with a million shares of Louisiana Molasses Preferred.

"Remember," he had said, "this has gone far enough. From the time you left Sunday-school I have done my best to teach you how to manipulate, but although you have gained a big reputation as a boy wonder, it has all been at my expense. This is your last chance."

The truth was that Billy's father had been secretly putting up for him, thus shielding him from a wicked world.

But with the million Louisiana Molasses, Billy knew that ended it. Unless he made a big coup with this he would no longer be the boy hero of a thousand deals. He shuddered as he thought that, after all, he might have to end his days in Congress.

At this moment a telegram was put in his hand.

It was from Minnie Songpepper, the world-famous belle of New Orleans.

This wonderful creature, though only sixteen years of age, had been queen of the Mardi Gras for five years in succession. She had read one of Billy's advertisements in the morning papers, where he had challenged the President to a duel, and

* I hereby certify that every one of the thrilling and exciting events recorded in this wonderful story, all dictated by myself, might easily have happened if they had wanted to. If you doubt this, see my daily ads. in the papers.—*The Unex-tinguished Author.*

became wonderfully interested in him. Her father was president of the Louisiana Molasses Company, and she had taken the Wall Street course in a young ladies' seminary, so she was able to talk intelligently with every politician.

The telegram read:

"Meet me to-night at the White House, Washington. I may be able to save you."

Billy glanced at the name and, although he had been born and brought up in Wall Street, his handsome face grew almost human.

"Something is up," he muttered. At this moment his broker, who had been playing bridge in a corner of the room, stepped up.

"More margin," he hissed, between his gilt-edged teeth, "or we will sell you out."

In the last ten minutes Molasses Preferred had fallen nearly fifteen points.

The truth was that Billy, not satisfied with his father's gift, and wishing to control a few more States and Territories, had been pyramiding. (See Glossary.) So that a too sudden drop in the market meant ruin.

He handed the broker the telegram.

"How much is that good for?" he asked.

The broker bowed.

"I'll stand by you until to-morrow noon," he said.

"And you will not sell me out until then?"

"No."

Nodding his thanks, Billy passed out, and started for Washington.

It was nearly midnight when he entered the White House.

It was evident by the unusual number of Railroad Presidents grouped about that something was happening.

The President, who had just finished making a speech before the Liars' Club, was dictating for the newspapers a batch of private correspondence supposed to have been published a year before.

Billy looked around anxiously. No signs of Minnie.

At this moment a page touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Mr. Hardcastle?"

"Not quite the same, but almost."

"Follow me."

Billy followed, and in a short time found himself in the Gilt Room. There was a sofa at one end, and on it sat the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. As soon as their eyes met, Billy realized that the world had been changed.

She held out her hand.

"I sent for you," she said, "after reading your soul-stirring advertisement in the Boston and New York papers in which you advised every school teacher in the country to buy gold mines. I felt that you must be a real gentleman. I heard, also, that you were a large stockholder in my father's company."

"Yes."

"I thought you might like to know," she went on, playfully, "that the administration of affairs has just been placed in the hands of Molasses."

"What do you mean?"



"EGGS IS HIGH"

"I referred to the National Administration—that is, the country."

"But I thought the country was owned by the Standard Oil and the railroads."

"It was. But things move fast in these days."

Billy trembled.

"When will the news be known?" he said.

"To-morrow noon."

"Ah, ha!"

Then he turned to her abruptly.

"Why have you done this for me—a stranger?" he said.

She blushed.

"Because," she smiled, "I hope some day to get a divorce from you."

Billy clasped her hand feverishly.

"Darling," he murmured, "be mine. Lose no time—there must be a Supreme Justice near. He will unite us."

But firmly she held him at arm's length.

"You have not won me yet," she muttered. "You must prove to me first that you are the man you represent yourself to be."

"What shall I do?"

"Follow your own judgment. And meet me here in twenty-four hours. If you have done right I will marry you."

The next morning at four A.M. Billy was speeding back to Wall Street and glory.

* * *

It was the same time the next evening. Minnie Songpepper, Queen of the South, sat idly clasping her hands as she waited for the man she had put her trust in. Outside the window, even though it was nearly midnight, she could hear the mournful voices of a few United States Senators as they begged for bread.

The President had retired early, practically every man of note in the country having been called a liar, and he was getting some much-needed rest. All was still, until suddenly a firm step was heard in the hall.

Billy Hardcastle entered, his face wreathed in smiles.

"Darling," he cried, "I have won."

"You mean"—

"That I am one of the richest men in the country."

"How did you do it?"

"This morning, knowing from you in advance that Molasses Preferred would control the Administration from now on, I not only sold every share I had, but I went short. This afternoon the stock, as you know, closed at nothing."

She smiled and blushed as she put her hand on his shoulder.

"I was afraid," she said, "that you might buy. But you have guessed right—and won me. How did you do it?"

And Billy laughed back.

"How could I help it? How could Molasses Preferred amount to anything when it began to get mixed up with the Administration?"

T. L. M.



GENTLEMEN OF THE RO

"MIGHT AS WELL LET HIM GO NOW, BOYS. WY



OF THE ROAD
BOYS. WE'VE GOT EVERYTHING"



A Very Good Laugh



MADAME GRUNDY is notoriously devoid of the sense of humor.

On that account she would very likely see in the little play from the Italian of Roberto Bracco, done at the Bijou, under the title of "Comtesse Coquette," nothing but gross impropriety; in fact, no one can sit through the piece without being aware that every moment it is treading on the very thinnest of thin ice. Only the exquisite comedy of the thing saves it from grave offense. One's feelings cannot be very deeply outraged or raised to indignation when one is full of merriment. The final curtain goes

down on the audience in a roar of laughter at the last situation, a laughter which keeps coming back every time one thinks of the poetic justice visited on the would-be de-ranger of domestic happiness. The play is thoroughly decameronian in matter and delightfully so in its merriment of atmosphere. The comedy side of Italian life and the Italian nature as lately revealed by Novelli and again shown in this work of an Italian author will be in the nature of a discovery to those who associate modern Italy only with poverty, bigotry, the Mafia, the stiletto and the vendetta.

* * *



OF COURSE, this play is not for the young person. Also, its story is absurd, and to sit down solemnly to analyze it as to probability and logicity would be as absurd as the plot itself. Starting out with a wife who lays down to her husband the law that she may flirt as much as

she pleases in an innocent way, but that the moment he shows jealousy or distrust she shall be relieved from even the slight limitation imposed on her heart affairs by the requirement that they shall be innocent, and that she shall be the judge of their innocence, there is naturally no reason why the play should not abound in laughable situa-

tions. Expectation in this is not disappointed, and as we have granted the conditions of the game, we have no right to insist that the amusing predicaments shall be based on probability or even possibility. The skill of the author is shown in the fact that he is able to give his incidents even a shadow of plausibility, but having granted his major premise, he makes the steps that follow seem almost credible and certainly laughable. An occasional brilliant line recalls the wit but not the cynicism of Wilde's plays.

* * *

THE Nina of Mme. Nazimova leaves us still hailing from Missouri. That she has an unusual and most interesting personality cannot be denied. Little tricks and mannerisms have the charm of novelty and originality, and pique our curiosity with their constant surprises. They are distinctly foreign, and her unrestraint in manner may seem evidence of genius to audiences accustomed to actresses whose highest ambition is to adjust their bearing to our own social conventionalities. In this little comedy there is one fleeting instant of tragedy—where the wife senses that her foolishness has brought her to apparently merited murder at her husband's hands—and here Mme. Nazimova accomplished a really fine bit of expression, better, in a serious way, than anything she has done in any of her three performances in English. Her two most heavy handicaps, the bad modulation of her English which at times makes her speech absolutely incomprehensible and the extremely high pitch of her voice, are still in evidence. The latter is of less importance in comedy than in more serious work, and in the present instance is not out of character with the flippancy of the part she assumes. Her speech has not improved, and she owes it to her American audiences to increase her efforts in the direction of its betterment. As *Nina*, who is a more or less irresponsible person, she makes her little unusual ways add to the comedy of the part, and what might seem affectation—in fact, did seem affectation—in *Hedda* here becomes in character. But something is still required to confer on Mme. Nazimova the title of "great."

The support is practically confined to delineations of the husband by Mr. Arthur Forrest and of the heartbreaking bachelor Lothario by Mr. Guy Standing. Mr. Forrest's task was by no means an easy one, and he brought to it not enough of the distinction and charm which might account for *Nina's* still loving him truly notwithstanding his weak acquiescence in her exasperating assertion of her right to do silly things without being called to account. Of course, if he were the masterful husband who would have given this kind of wife the regular

spankings her spoiled childishness deserved, the play would have been without a plot, but, even so, Mr. Forrest failed to supply the necessary something in the way of attraction which made the plot possible. Mr. Guy Standing, whose progress from having been apparently only a stupid actor to having become an accomplished one *LIFE* has witnessed with much pleasure, has a very convincing conception of the part of *Gino*. This is not marred by his own good-natured appreciation of the humor of the unpleasant and awkward situations in which he finds himself. He is not at all a villainous villain, and this adds to the joy of the events in the feeling of the audience.

The stage settings are unusually good, the arrangement of the bachelor apartment in the second act and the Comtesse's boudoir in the third being both novel and in excellent taste. Mme. Nazimova's gowns show originality in conception and a pleasing harmony with the charms they enhance.

"Comtesse Coquette" is very well worth seeing as an excellent example of polite, light amusement. It may be thoroughly enjoyed provided Madame Grundy and the children are left at home.



MME. NAZIMOVA AS *Nina* in "COMTESSE COQUETTE"



"JOHN! JOHN! WAKE UP! THERE'S A BURGLAR IN THE ROOM."

John: RUBBISH, MARIA! LIE DOWN AND GO TO SLEEP.

HERE we have the theatrical skeleton revealed. An anonymous author has sent to LIFE a copy of a book entitled "The Seamy Side; a Story of the True Condition of Things Theatrical." The main title is the more descriptive one, because the author, who mentions himself or herself as "one who has spent twenty years among them," has given only one side of the picture, and it must be confessed that it is a ghastly one. It must also be admitted that it contains a large amount of truth. Like all special pleas, this book carefully suppresses the facts and arguments on the other side of the question. In this respect it is a good deal like the work on clergymen which dealt only with those who had been caught in some crime or scandal. The book has no place for the many stage-folk who, even in the arduous conditions that make them a people apart, have led blameless lives, self-respecting and respected by others. The stage unquestionably has its temptations, its pitfalls and its opportunities for evil-doing. The present author rightly assumes

that the dangers to women on the stage are largely due to conditions fostered by the Theatrical Trust. These dangers are the same as those in any trade, business or calling controlled by men of bestial qualities and devoid of decent instincts. An author who wished to depict only the seamy side of typewriting, trained-nursing, picture-painting, newspaper work or any of the means of gaining a livelihood which attract women, even the seamy side of matrimony, might readily find, and with equal truth, material for not one, but many volumes like this.

"The Seamy Side" should be put in the hands of every stage-struck girl. It would be more valuable as a tract if it dwelt less on depravity and more on the material hardships and deprivations of the stage career.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—George M. Cohan in "Little Johnny Jones." The apotheosis of stage vulgarity.
Astor—"The Ambitious Mrs. Alcott," by Messrs. Ditrichstein and Pollard. A fairly interesting drama of Washington society.

Belasco—"The Rose of the Rancho." Well-staged, well-acted and very interesting drama of early days in California.

Bijou—Mme. Alla Nazimova in "Comtesse Coquette." See opposite.

Casino—"The White Hen." Amusing comic opera with Mr. Louis Mann and competent company.

Criterion—Mr. Frank Daniels and good cast in "The Tattooed Man." Laughable.

Empire—Ethel Barrymore in repertoire.

Garrick—"Caught in the Rain." Frothy comedy well acted by Mr. William Collier and excellent support.

Hackett—"The Chorus Lady." Rose Stahl in the title rôle of amusing skit on life in the Tenderloin.

Herald Square—"The Orchid," with Mr. Eddie Foy as star. Clever and musical piece, well mounted and unusually funny.

Hippodrome—"Neptune's Daughter" and "Pioneer Days." Ballet, circus, wild west and water spectacle, all the best of their kinds.

Knickerbocker—"The Red Mill." Herbert and Blossom's diverting musical piece to demonstrate the abilities of Messrs. Montgomery and Stone.

Lincoln Square—William Morris Stock Company in repertoire.

Lyric—"The Road to Yesterday." An original and well-worked-out dream play.

Majestic—"The Prince Chap," with Mr. Cyril Scott as the star. Interesting little drama well acted.

Madison Square—Last week of "The Three of Us." Carlotta Nillson and admirably chosen company in Rachel Crothers's charming play of American romance in the West.

Madison Square Garden—Col. "Buffalo Bill" Cody's Wild West show.

Princess—Last week of "The Great Divide." Miss Anglin, Mr. Henry Miller and competent company in scholarly and interesting American problem play.

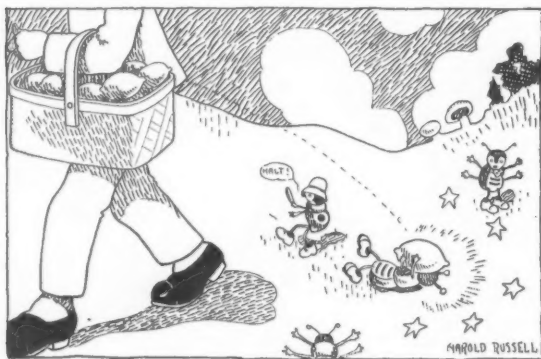
Proctor's Theatres—Vaudeville.



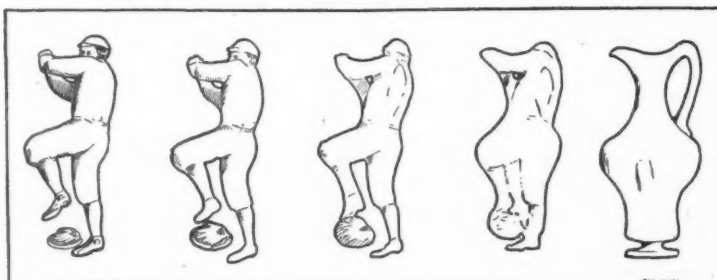
MISS EDITH RICKERT'S new story, *The Golden Hawk*, springs, as did *The Reapers*, from a flash of insight into the hearts of an isolated people. Here, however, it is the warm South and not the sea-girt bleakness of a Northern island that has molded the race of which she writes, so that the story sings itself in cheerier measure. The Hawk is a devil-may-care young scapegrace of Provence, who has left the paternal sausage-shop in Avignon to search for the castle of his mother's ancestors in the foothills of the Alps. What he found there; how, with true Gascon instinct, he compassed the impossible, balked at the obvious and emerged light-hearted and in rags; is told by Miss Rickert in a mood inspired by the surroundings and traditions of which, and among which, she writes. The story is one of the happy finds among the Spring books.

It is a pity that E. Temple Thurston, who writes of the psychology of passion with the directness and magnetism of a good conversationalist, should have been reduced to such straits for a plot as is indicated in his novel, *Katherine*. The expedient of condemning a heroine to death by the edict of a specialist, studying her mental reactions under this distressful sentence, and then reprieving her by stultifying the doctor, is not only a somewhat threadbare device but savors rather disagreeably of vivisection. The book is a poor story, well written.

An opportunity of arriving at a general but serviceable understanding of the methods and the actual accomplishments of modern biology is offered in a volume called *The Nature and Origin of Life*, translated from the French of Felix le Dantec of the Sorbonne. In spite of the fact that the text is simplified to the last possible degree, the book is one to be studied, not read. But the difficult task of elucidation is so well done, and the subject is of such fundamental importance not only in scientific but in philosophical fields, that the volume will have a distinct and, to many, a very welcome, value.



Mr. Bug: GREAT SCOTT! THIS FAD OF HANDING A LEMON OUGHT TO BE STOPPED; IT'S WORSE THAN FOOTBALL.



THE EVOLUTION OF A PITCHER

The title of John Corbin's *The Cave Man* suggests another pre-historical novel, but proves to be the nickname of a gentleman sufficiently up to date to be fighting trusts and operating in Wall Street. The story is a reaction from the ultra-sensational realism of recent financial fiction and, obeying the law of the pendulum, is as ultra-romantic as this has been the reverse. It serves its purpose well, however, and rearranges the familiar fragments of the old kaleidoscope in a thoroughly contemporary pattern.

B. L. Putnam Weale's volume upon *The Truce in the East and Its Aftermath* is of considerable interest because it is a review, by an observer on the spot, of political conditions which are none the less important because we have temporarily dismissed them from mind. It deals with the Japanese situation in Korea, the real significance of the Peace of Portsmouth, the condition of China and the attitude and prospects of European powers in the Orient. It also contains maps, tables and documents of value. The author, however, is not a forceful writer because he is neither a concise nor an incisive one.

There is both wit and grace to *The Bird of Time*, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's little volume of dialogues and trialogues which group themselves into an informal story or, it might be more accurate to say, lead informally to a story-like dénouement. The conversation of Egeria, a woman of fifty who is perfectly described by her friend the poet as an "Indian-Summer lady," is full of charm and of a wise and very deft feminine casuistry.

John C. Van Dyke, in his book entitled *Studies in Pictures; an Introduction to the Famous Galleries*, addresses himself to the initiation of the traveling American into the mysteries of objective art. He divulges the secrets of the renovator, notes the disagreements of the experts, and distinguishes (according to the Bertillon system) between portrait, genre, historical, figure and landscape pieces. The book is written with complete *savoir-faire* yet, even in such a book, written for such a public, one cannot help wishing that the author had just hinted at the existence of a soul beneath the body of art. J. B. Kerfoot.

The Golden Hawk, by Edith Rickert. (The Baker and Taylor Company. \$1.50)

Katherine, by E. Temple Thurston. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

The Nature and Origin of Life, by Felix le Dantec. (A. S. Barnes and Company.)

The Cave Man, by John Corbin. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

The Truce in the East and Its Aftermath, by B. L. Putnam Weale. (The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.)

The Bird of Time, by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.00.)

Studies in Pictures, by John C. Van Dyke. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)



A FEW WORDS OF ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY CONTEMPLATING MATRIMONY

Off with the High Check



natural position. The people who do it are people who don't

AT LAST the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has got after the idiots who use extremely tight check-reins on their horses.

The practice of checking a horse's head up preposterously high is of ancient origin, but had fallen into disuse until, three or four years ago, it began to be revived. Since then horses in increasing numbers have been seen in the streets of New York with their heads checked up into absurd and torturing positions.

No good horseman ever puts a check-rein to this extreme use. He is deterred from it partly because it hurts and frets the horse and interferes with his freedom of action, and partly because he hates the sight of a horse with his head pulled up out of the

know any better—silly women, who think a tortured horse looks stylish; ignorant and brutal grooms, who have the same opinion. Once a fashion of this sort is allowed to get a hold, an army of brainless people with money rush to follow it, and the streets soon fill with the evidences of their fatuity.

The papers have reported that on April 4 the S. P. C. A., represented by Mr. Joseph Seligman, a trustee, and Officer Harpon, got after the high-check infatuates on Fifth Avenue, took the instruments of cruelty off of some of the horses, and gave notice that the practice should be stopped in New York, even if it became necessary to station officers the length of Fifth Avenue to do it.

Good for Mr. Seligman and for the S. P. C. A. and its officers! The high-check is an abomination that ought not to have a friend in the world, and, as a fact, has mighty few. It is an impudent, absurd and indefensible abuse; a public nuisance that shouts to be abated. The high-check idiots deserve the same kind of discipline and retributive instruction as the automobile scorchers and the street-car spitters and smokers. They are people who don't know how to behave and must be taught.

SOME men worth a million dollars would not be worth anything if they did not have any money.



THE LORDLY CLERK OF THE SWELL HOTEL

In journeyings oft through many a clime
I've scanned the ways of the truly great;
But the greatest man in the tide of time,
Without whose nod the world scarce moves,
Is the lordly clerk of the swell hotel.

If you're spangled o'er with jewels rare
And clothed in fashion's latest vogue,
And scatter your coin with a reckless air,
You're always welcomed by the eagle eye
Of the lordly clerk of the swell hotel.

But if modestly garbed in plainer style,
You approach the throne in an humble way
And are exceeding glad if once in awhile
You catch the eye or your questions are heard
By the lordly clerk of the swell hotel.

While he showers his smiles on the rich and the proud
You patiently wait in the far background
Till his regal highness's served all the crowd,
And you modestly ask for letters from home
Of the lordly clerk of the swell hotel.

And scarcely deigning a glance at you,
Nor looking at all through letters or mail,
He answers quickly, and impatiently, too,
"There's nothing at all in the lot for you."
Does the lordly clerk of the swell hotel.

And so you patiently wait for letters from home,
Asking day after day for the expected word,
And wonder why they never will come,
Feeling ashamed so often to trouble or bore
The lordly clerk of the swell hotel.

But when your journey is o'er and you hail
Your return to friends in the dear old home,
You write to the big hotel to please remail
The messages of love that never were found
By the lordly clerk of the swell hotel.

—David M. Johnson, in *New York Sun*.

NO ASSISTANCE

"Help! Help!"

The cry of anguish arose from Wall Street.

"What's the matter?" asked a kindly executive, pausing in the midst of a game of tennis.

"Matter enough," continued the voice, with a tremolo. "I've been selling what I didn't have and buying what I couldn't pay for."

"Well, of all the mollycoddles!" exclaimed the executive, resuming play. —*Philadelphia Ledger*.

NOT WRONG, BUT—

Emanuel Lasker, the chess expert, was discussing in New York the ethics of a certain style of play.

"Well," he ended, laughing, "I suppose it is all right; but it is intricate, eh? It is like the subject discussed in the debating society."

"Is it wrong?—that was the subject of debate—Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?"

"The decision after three hours' argument was:

"Not wrong, but too difficult to pay for the trouble."—*Washington Star*.



Mr. Thomas Kat: HOW PURE THE AIR IS. IT SEEMS TO PUT NEW LIVES INTO ONE.

"WHILE it is, of course, a platitude to say that a wise teacher learns by instructing others," recently observed an instructor in a preparatory school in Brooklyn, "it is permissible to remark that he frequently picks up some curious information in this way."

"I once asked a boy to explain, if he could, the difference between animal instinct and human intelligence. It was a pretty hard question, but the lad was equal to it."

"If we had instinct," he said, "we should know everything we needed to know without learning it; but we've got reason, and so we have to study ourselves most blind, or be a fool."—*Harper's Weekly*.

AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY

For the first time in six months Mr. Elmer Jurgins, on two consecutive mornings, walked to the railway station. As he went, men turned to stare at him, women pointed at him out of the windows, and even the small dogs seemed to take delight in barking at him. At the station his arrival created a mild stir, and on the second morning a group of his fellow citizens gathered about him.

"Mr. Jurgins," said the spokesman, "why do you walk to the depot in this humble fashion? Where is your automobile?"

"Sold it," said Jurgins, shortly.

"Going to get a larger one?"

"No, sir; I'm done with 'em."

A murmur of surprise ran through the group.

"Cost too much?" inquired the spokesman.

"Not at all. It was not very expensive to buy, and it was cheap to run. It was not the automobile that I kept, but keeping an automobile, which was expensive."

Some one asked for an explanation.

"Well, gentlemen," said Jurgins, "six months ago every man in this town called me 'Jurg,' was glad to walk with me and swap yarns, moved up to give me half his seat in the car, and seemed generally satisfied with me. Blinks, the grocer, knocked off a little on my bill now and then, and gave my boy a bag of candy when I settled with him."

"Toomy gave me two thousand pounds of coal in a ton, and never sent a bill for it until I asked him what I owed him."

"I hired your boy, Billings, for ten cents an hour to cut my grass and do chores. I used to do most of them myself, in the evening."

"My wife could buy ten yards of goods and cut a dress, hire Nancy Cook for two dollars a day to sew it together, and fit it, and be as well dressed as the rest of the women here. And when there was tennis, croquet or golf, no one in town was more likely to be asked to take a hand than my wife and I."

"Then I bought that automobile."

"For at least four months no man in town has called me anything but 'Mr. Jurgins.'"

"Blinks adds a little to every bill because he thinks I can afford it."

"Toomy cuts the weight short and demands cash."

"Nancy Cook is only a seamstress when she sews for your wives. When mine wants her she is a *modiste* at five dollars a day, and requires fifteen yards of goods."

"Billings's boy won't work for me at all, since he no longer considers it a neighborhood service, and I have to get a man at thirty cents an hour—and he has to do everything."

"My milk costs me a cent a quart more, and I haven't been asked to play tennis, golf, baseball or croquet once this summer."

"No, gentlemen, I could buy an automobile, buy gasoline for it and hire repairs made if necessary, but I can't afford to keep the automobile in the town I live in and let it be known that I own it."

"Boys, I am no longer 'Mr. Jurgins' the automobilist, I am 'Jurg' again, old 'Jurg,' henceforth and forevermore."

As the train pulled in there was a rush by each commuter to secure a whole seat, one-half of which he could offer in fellowship to the restored comrade.—*Youth's Companion*.

LIFE is published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Brems Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS. Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris.

Saarbach's News Exchange, 1, New Coventry Street, Leicester Square, W., London; Saarbach's News Exchange, 9 Rue St. Georges, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1, Via Firenze, Milan; Saarbach's News Exchange, Mayence, Germany.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

The illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted and are not to be reproduced.

Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.

Wilson -

For guarantee of purity,
see back label on every bottle;

That's All!

THE LEGIONS OF CÆSAR

Were not nearly so numerous
as the vast multitude who daily
fortify and comfort the "inner
man" with a "wee nipple" of

HUNTER WHISKEY

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



20TH CENTURY LIMITED—18-HOUR TRAIN TO CHICAGO
New York Central and Lake Shore

The Home Beer

Let your home beer be Schlitz because of its purity. Get the good without the harm.

In our brewery, cleanliness is carried to extremes. Even the air in our cooling rooms is filtered.

Every bottle of Schlitz beer is sterilized, to insure freedom from germs.

And all Schlitz beer is aged for months, so that it cannot cause biliousness.

Be as careful of your beer as you are of your food. Order Schlitz and be sure of it.

Schlitz

The Beer

That Made Milwaukee Famous.

*Ask for the Brewery
Bottling.*

*See that the cork or
crown is branded Schlitz.*



HE KNEW

"By what means," shouted the preacher, "do our society ladies cross the river that connects Earth and Hades?"

"Bridge!" answered the lean-faced man whose wife had stayed home to figure up Saturday's losses, and who was still guessing.—*Broadway.*

ANESTHESIA is frequently nominal rather than real, else why so many and ingenious contrivances for confining the animal during operations—contrivances that are not made use of in surgical operations upon human beings, their immobility being secured by profound anesthesia.—*Extract.*

Kenilworth Inn, Biltmore, N. C. Always open. Most superbly finished hotel south of New York.

THE late Thomas Nolan, a well-known member of the bar of New York, was once retained as counsel for a poor widow named Mulcahy. She was suing a construction company for damages by reason of her husband's death. The case had been frequently postponed, and it was in a very disturbed state of mind that the widow sought the lawyer just before the suit came up for the eighth time. In court the next day Nolan's rich brogue was more than usually fervid as he fought against the further adjournment of the case. "I am sorry," said the justice presiding, "but, Mr. Nolan, your opponent has shown good cause for adjournment. The case will, therefore, go over till next week." "Very well, sor," said the lawyer, sweetly, "but might I ask wan personal favor of this court?" "Certainly," replied the judge. "Will your honor kindly shtep down to my office and tell Mrs. Mulcahy that you have again adjourned the case?"—*Bellman.*

Pure at the Source

Milk is the chief article of food in the sick-room and hospital. Every physician and nurse should know the source of supply before ordering in any form. It is not enough to know that it comes as "country milk." Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, the original and leading brand since 1857. Integrity and experience behind every can.

THAT TONE OF PATRONAGE

"The Japanese are advancing very rapidly," said one of the palace officials.

"Yes," answered the Mikado; "in a century or so we will be saying 'What a bright, progressive little people those Americans are!'"—*Washington Star.*

THE Persians possess a sense of humor with which they are not always credited. Almost modern is the anecdote of the man whose disagreeable voice in reciting his prayers in the mosque was annoying to every one. One day some one asked him how much he was paid for reciting. "Paid!" he replied, "I am not paid. I recite for the sake of Allah!" "Then," replied the other, "for Allah's sake don't!"—*Argonaut.*

Hotel Vendome, Boston

Commonwealth Avenue. No smoke or noise from cars.

STILL HARDER

"Senator, I presume it requires a good bit of practice to make a speech and have every sentence in it say something, doesn't it?"

"It does," replied Senator Badger, "but it requires more to be able to talk for an hour and say nothing."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

IN A rural justice's court the defendant in a case was sentenced to serve thirty days in jail. He had known the judge from boyhood, and addressed him as follows:

"Bill, old boy, you're agwine ter send me ter jail, air you?"

"That's what," replied the judge. "Have you got anything to say ag'in it?"

"Only this here, Bill. God help you when I git out!"—*News.*

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet.*

MARITAL PHILOSOPHY

SHE (after a vivacious discussion): Ah, you dare to look me in the face?

HE (philosophically): Good heavens! In this world one becomes accustomed to everything!—*Translated for Transatlantic Tales from Il Mottio per Ridere.*

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Here's to the friends of our youth—
Though of some we're bereft,
May the links that are lost
But endear what are left."
Tom Moore.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

SOLE PROPRIETORS
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.
Phila. and New York

ESTABLISHED
1793

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

Dr. Lapponi

Physician to the Late Pope Leo XIII., and also Physician in Ordinary to Pope Pius X., Finds

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Of "Marvelous Efficacy in Gout, Rheumatism, Gastro-intestinal Dyspepsia, and in all the Various Forms of Uric Acid Diathesis."

Following is an Exact Translation of Dr. Lapponi's Testimonial as Written by Himself:

ROME, August 24, 1903.—In the Hospital of San Giovanni Calibrita (del Fatebene Fratelli) in Rome, directed by myself, I have largely experimented with the natural mineral water placed in commerce under the name of **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** and am glad to be able to attest that, by its richness of composition of lithia, it is of marvelous efficacy in cases of Gout, of Chronic, Articular, and Muscular Rheumatism, of Hepatic Congestions and Functional Disorders, of Gastro-intestinal Dyspepsia, of Gravel and Renal Insufficiency, of light Nephritic Affections and of all the various forms of Uric Acid Diathesis.

The same water is also to be recommended highly in the initial processes of Arterio-sclerosis and in obstinate forms of Bronchial Asthma.

May also be used as a good table water. So much I declare for the truth.

(Signed) PROF. GIUSEPPE LAPPONI.

Principal Physician of the Hospital of San Giovanni Calibrita (del Fatebene Fratelli) in Rome, Member of the Academy of Medicine of Rome, etc., etc.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by Grocers and Druggists, generally. Testimonials which defy all imputation or question sent to any address.

Hotel at Springs opens June 15th.

PROPRIETOR BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

Private Stable

FOR SALE—On Fifty-second Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, a new thoroughly equipped private stable 25 feet wide; accommodations for seven horses; with two box stalls. Up to date in every particular; electricity, gas, telephone, etc. The best lighted stable in the city. Address

J. EDGAR LEAYCRAFT & CO., 19 West 42d Street, New York



Many readers of *The Silent War* welcome it as a friendly warning.
Others angrily denounce it.

A PHONY TENNYSON

Break, break, break
My phone connections—see?
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the telephone girl
That she's only in reach of my shout;
O well for the manager, too,
That his lies cannot be found out.

And the damnable breaks go on,
To the ruin of business hopes;
But O for a chance to revenge myself
On the telephone central dopes!

Break, break, break,
And I rave most bootlesslee!
But the tender grace of a placid mind
Will never come back to me.

—New York Mail.

REQUIRING APPLICATION

"People talk about the weather because they don't like to think," remarked the man who makes a study of conversation.
"Not in this climate," answered the contradictory person.
"You've got to keep your mind on it here. The weather's liable to change while you're talking about it."—*Washington Star*.

Down Throgmorton Street they walked side by side in melancholy silence.

"Bull or bear?" whispered the sympathetic friend.

"Merely the ordinary ruddy ass, laddie," returned the gloomy one, and passed on.—*Sporting Times*.

Pearl's Soap beautifies the complexion, keeps the hands white and fair, and imparts a constant bloom of freshness to the skin. As it is the best and lasts longest, it is the cheapest.

UNJUST

UNCLE: If you go on like this, I shall disinherit you.

NEPHEW: But, my dear uncle, my creditors have done you no harm.—*Translated for Transatlantic Tales from Meggen-dorfer Blätter*.

In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

THE BISHOP AND THE ROBBER

A host of admirable stories are told by Bishop Talbot in his delightful book of reminiscences, "My People of the Plains." Here is one of them, told apropos of the frequency of stage robberies:

"I never had Bishop Kemper's experience in the early days of Kansas. The Bishop was the victim of a hold-up one night when he was the only passenger. The driver told the road agent, who had covered him with a six-shooter, that his only passenger was a bishop.

"Well," said the robber, 'wake up the old man. I want to go through his pockets.'

"When the Bishop was aroused from a sound slumber, and realized the situation, he gently remonstrated with the man behind the gun. He said:

"Surely you would not rob a poor bishop. I have no money worth your while, and I am engaged in the discharge of my sacred duties.'

"Did you say you were a bishop?' asked the road agent.

"Yes; just a poor bishop.'

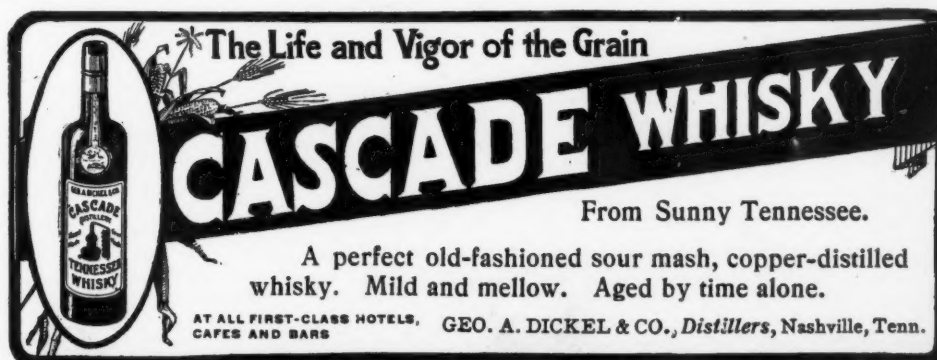
"What church?'

"The Episcopal Church.'

"The h—— you are! Why, that's the church I belong to. Driver, you may pass on.'"



AS SOME OF US KNOW HIM



QUALITY UNEQUALED

EXCELLENCE
UNSURPASSED

GREEN
AND
YELLOW

GREEN
AND
YELLOW



LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.



COOK'S *Imperial* EXTRA DRY

Is better than foreign
Champagnes but costs only
half the price, as it is Ameri-
can made and there is no
duty or ship freight to pay.

Served Everywhere

HOW TO RUN AN AUTO—Owners, Operators, Repairmen,
Homan's "Self Propelled Vehicles" is best practical book on automo-
biles, easily understood in text, diagrams and illustrations. Accepted
as standard. Price \$2.00 postpaid to any address. Order to-day;
money back if not satisfied. AUDEL CO., 68 FIVE Ave., New York.

The Literary Zoo.

From a Library Corner

Gratified

"GIVE me," he cried, "one solitary book
In which for really human folk to
look—

For human folk whose veins perchance are
full

Of blood that's warm and red and not the dull
Automata, the wooden marionettes

I find galore in modern novelettes!"

Whereon, to gratify his pleasant whim,
I handed the Directory to him.

On Reading a Key to Ibsen

I'LL buy the key to Maeterlinck,
To Ibsen and to Sudermann,
And all the other Kings of Ink
Who lead the gloomy clan.

And when I hold it fast, no more
You'll hear their babel and their din.
I'll turn it quickly in the door
And lock the Gloomsters in!

John Kendrick Bangs.

The Twain in Mask

A LITHOGRAPH of Mark Twain in
a white dress suit now embellishes the
news stands. With Dowie dead and Mrs.
Eddy in the courts, and Colonel Roosevelt
in the White House, the greatest living
master of the great art of keeping people
interested who is still at large is Mark
Twain. Dowie could do it. Mrs. Eddy
has been wonderful at it. Colonel Roose-
velt is unapproachable, but our Uncle
Mark comes near being the peer of any of
them. He has himself photographed in
bed and out of bed; in his nightshirt and
now in costume. Nothing that concerns
Mark Twain is without interest to him,
and it is plain that he feels that nothing
that is of interest to him should fail to be of
interest to other persons. He has a fair
claim to be considered the most notable of
living American writers, and coupled with
it is an unapproachable capacity to stand
exposure.

We do greatly admire and wonder at
Uncle Mark. He has long been more or
less appreciated, but hardly yet at his full
value, for he is one of the most remarkable
human combinations our country has pro-
duced. The fool in you or us is a hin-
drance to the wise man in us. Not so with
Mark. The fool in him diligently supple-
ments the wise man in him, and it is a job
worth doing, for the wise man in Uncle
Mark is really pretty wise. And the fool
is an incomparably shrewd fool.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous."

A BOTTLE of EVANS' ALE

Comes to you with all
the excellence that
can only come of good
hops and malt, pure
spring-water and su-
perior method of
brewing and bottling.



Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, Dealers.

CHEW...

Beeman's
THE ORIGINAL
Pepsin
Gum



Cures Indigestion
and Sea-sickness.

All Others are Imitations.

This is Jones



Why They Married

Is a little book by
James Montgomery Flagg

You will be interested, because
even if you are not married you
may be some day, and anyhow
you may have relatives who are
married—so get it.

75 Cents Postpaid

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West Thirty-first Street New York City

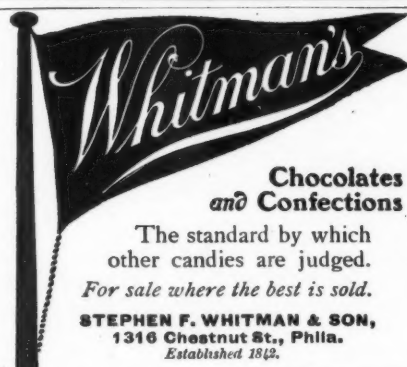
Park & Tilford

FOUNDED 1840
NEW YORK

A comparison of all Coffee **QUALITY** is based on the superior excellence of **GENUINE JAVA** and **MOCHA**. There is no adequate substitute for **THE DELICIOUS, GENUINE** Java and Mocha Coffee sold in Park & Tilford's Stores at

29c LB.

Have you tested it?



**Chocolates
and Confections**

The standard by which
other candies are judged.

For sale where the best is sold.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
1316 Chestnut St., Phila.
Established 1842.

JENNER & COMPANY

Undivided Estates Exclusively

55 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Telephone 4050-4051 Rector - - - Cable Address "Jennloun"

UNDIVIDED ESTATES

WE deal in all kinds of undivided estate interests, including vested or contingent remainder interests, subject to life estate or payable at some future fixed period. We purchase or arrange advances upon the security of such interests upon moderate terms and at legal interest.

Our facilities for handling such proposals are adequate for any requirement.

MORTON TRUST COMPANY

38 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

Capital, - - - - **\$2,000,000.00**

Surplus and Undivided Profits, **\$8,034,067.97**

OFFICERS:

Levi P. Morton, President.

Thomas F. Ryan, Vice-Pres.

Charles H. Allen, Vice-Pres.

James K. Corbiere, Vice-Pres.

H. M. Francis, Secretary.

Paul D. Cravath, Counsel.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Levi P. Morton

Paul D. Cravath

Thomas F. Ryan

G. G. Haven

Charles H. Allen

James N. Jarvie

Edward J. Berwind

Jacob H. Schiff

Harry Payne Whitney

THE COLLVER TOURS

The Collver Idea is different from all others, as different as Collver Routes are from those generally taken.

**JAPAN
ROUND-THE-WORLD
EUROPE**

Including three incomparable

MOTORING TRIPS

Ask for book of Tour that interests you.

370 BOYLSTON ST. BOSTON MASS.

THEODORE B. STARR

**Diamond Merchant,
Jeweler and
Silversmith**

Wedding Invitations engraved in the most approved styles.

Exclusive papers of Foreign importation for social correspondence.

Monograms, crests and dies of unusual artistic merit.

MADISON SQUARE

New York



NOT TO BE OVERHEARD

"NOW, DON'T FORGET: I'LL BE UP TO SEE
YOU AT TWELVE TO-NIGHT."



DRINK

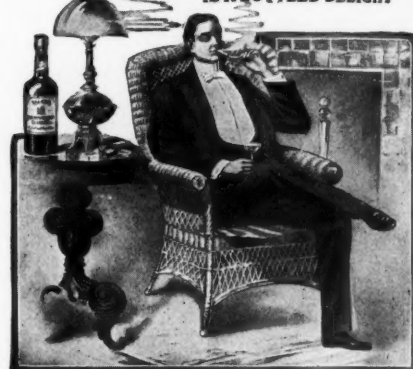
SANDERSON'S

"Mountain Dew"

in moderation and you will find that the life and force contained in it will be imparted to you. Don't take our word. Try for yourself.

A Club Cocktail

IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails,—all will after giving the **CLUB COCKTAILS** a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base).

The following label appears on every bottle:

Guaranteed under the National Pure Food and Drugs Act. Approved June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1707.

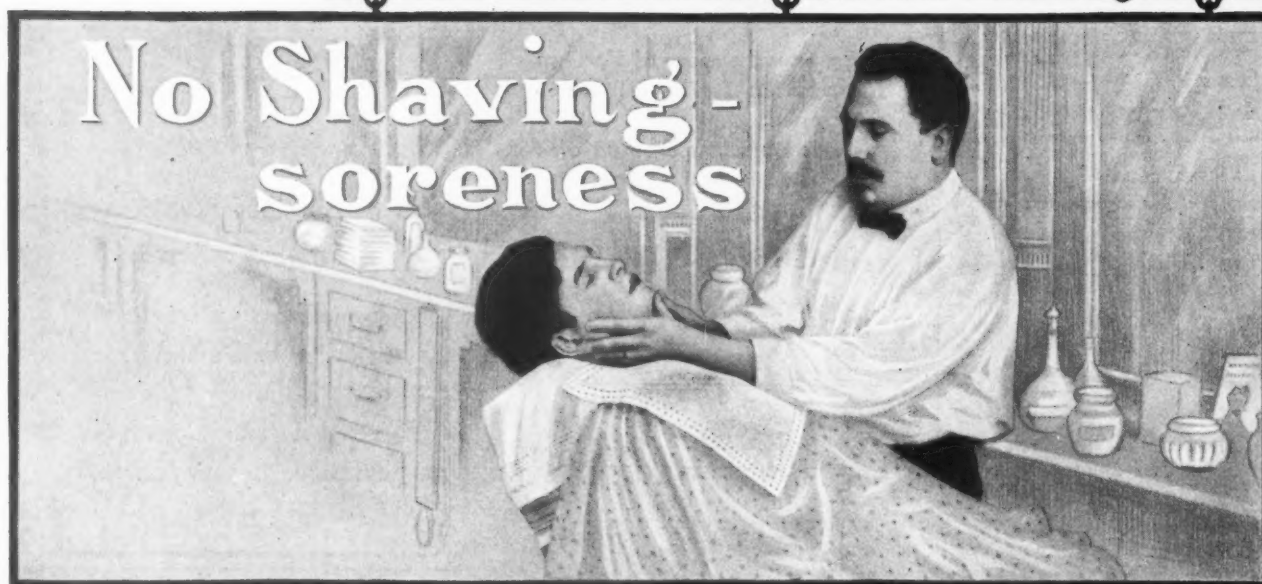
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props

Hartford New York London

ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Make the best cocktail. A delightful aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A tablespoonful in an ounce of sherry or sweetened water after meals affords relief and aids digestion.

IMPORTANT TO SEE THAT IT IS ABBOTT'S.



Soap-and-water washing and shaving both leave the pores full of soap and other foreign matter. This matter hardens into blackheads, or clogs the pores so that the skin becomes muddy, sallow and unhealthy. To get the face **really clean** and to cure and prevent shaving soreness, ask the barber to give you a massage with

Pompeian Massage Cream

after the shave. Say "Pompeian Massage"—not merely "a massage." It will clean your face thoroughly and scientifically, leaving the pores clear, the muscles pliant, and the blood-vessels active. One test will demonstrate the truth of these claims.

A really **good** barber will not attempt to foist a substitute upon you, for he knows that Pompeian is the only safe and genuine massage cream. The very few barbers who use imitations do not do it for **your** good, but for a **larger profit**—so it is always well to ask to see the Pompeian jar before the cream is applied. Better do without a massage than risk a cheap cream.

If you shave yourself or wish to massage yourself, you can get Pompeian Massage Cream of your druggist for home use. But do not allow either barber or druggist to substitute an imitation. No imitation has the qualities of the genuine and many of the imitations are actually harmful. Pompeian cannot possibly injure the most delicate skin.

Most women to-day recognize the value of this preparation in maintaining a clean, clear, healthy skin. It contains no grease and makes the use of face powders unnecessary. It is a real addition to the dressing table.

GENEROUS SAMPLE MAILED FREE

Send your name to-day—we also send a complete book on Facial Massage, an invaluable guide to the care of the skin.

POMPEIAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 25 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Pompeian Massage Soap. A high-grade toilet article, healing and refreshing, but not highly perfumed. It is for sale by dealers everywhere. 25 cents a cake. 60 cents Box of 3 cakes.

NOTE: This advertisement is appearing in papers and magazines with over 30,000,000 readers—it shows our faith in the barbers as well as in Pompeian Cream.